

The Girl with the Striped Stockings / Barbara Allen

The Girl with the Striped Stockings

AFS 1002 B1

There is a girl in our town, She makes us laugh, she makes us frown. [The striped?] stockings that ring around, Eyes are black and shirts are brown.

She skips along with sunny smile, No doubt she covers many miles. She's happy for she sings a song, The girl with the striped stockings on.

She is so clever, dresses well, Her voice is like a winter spell. Oh, she is up, alert and sees, If all you often say well ???.

She's cute and stingy, this I see, The way she lifts a dress to me. Those roguish eyes and jolly song, The girl with the striped stockings on.

Where's a bushel, ??? no boy, You can ride and yell out, "Ship ahoy." Oh yes at times, it's quite weather proof, Smiling she would keep aloof.

She's always busy, up and down, And very well she knows the town. For dancing eyes and merry song, The girl with the striped stockings on.

Hat is like a basket too, You wonder where such flowers grew. And just like she was weighted down, Or was she studying like a clown.

Off her skirts could make a tent, But the stylish things see much content. With all the clothes she would put on, The girl with the striped stockings on.

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You would know her from the [rest her cloths?], The difference was in our [best?]. She is neat, attractive, pretty too, You wonder next what she will do.

Though the weathers wet or dry, She'll lift her dress and then, and then pass by. But always quit her little song, The girl with the striped stockings on.

Barbara Allen

AFS 1002 B2

In Scarlet town where I was born, There was a fair maid dwelling. Made every youth cry "Well aware," And her name was Barbara Allen.

All in the merry month of May, When the green buds were a-swelling. Sweet William came from western states, And courted Barbara Allen.

All was in the month of June, When all things were a-blooming. Sweet William on his deathbed lay, For the love of Barbara Allen.

He sent his servants to the town, Where Barbara was a-dwelling. "My master's sick and sends for you, If your name is Barbara Allen."

"And death is painted on his face, And o'er his heart is stealing. Then haste away to comfort him, Oh lovely Barbara Allen."

So slowly, slowly she got up, And slowly she came nigh him. And all she said when she got there, "Young man, I think you're dying."

"Oh yes, oh yes, I'm very sick, And death is on me stealing. No better no, I'll never be, If I can't have Barbara Allen."

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"Oh yes, you're sick, and very sick, And death is on you dwelling. No better no, you ne'er will be, For you can't have Barbara Allen."

"Oh don't you remember in yonder town, When you were at the tavern. You drank a health to the ladies all around, And slighted Barbara Allen."

As she was on her highway home, The birds kept on a-singing. They sang so clear they seemed to say, "Hard hearted Barbara Allen."

As she was walking o'er the fields, She heard the death bell knelling. And oh...

[Note: Recording ends abruptly.]